# Of Schrödinger's Cat and Puppy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4650675.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Fandoms: | Orphan Black (TV), Person of Interest (TV) |
| Relationship: | Cosima Niehaus & Root \| Samantha Groves |
| Characters: | Cosima Niehaus, Root \| Samantha Groves |
| Additional Tags: | Crossover, Post-Finale |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 3 of When Universes Collide |
| Stats: | Published: 2015-08-25 Words: 1,530 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Of Schrödinger’s Cat and Puppy

by FujinoLover

## Summary

Root met Cosima. They mused about their missing ‘pets’.

## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The morning after their family dinner, Cosima went looking for Delphine to inform her about Kendall Malone's whereabouts. She had enough of keeping secret from her. If they were going to face Topside—Neolution, or whatever higher power in play, they had to be a solid team.

Her resolution deterred when instead of Delphine, Marion Bowles was in her office. *Doctor Cormier is currently unavailable*, she had told without being prompted to, and Cosima *knew*. She just knew that something grave had befallen her ex-lover. Like it did to Leekie, then to Rachel. She noticed the way Marion stared at her, with that poorly concealed pity. Everyone she had passed on the way to Delphine's office, their lingered seconds of stare and swift avoidance once she caught them, it all made sense now.

Cosima choked, coughed hard. Tears stung her eyes, but no blood marred her hand.

"In the meantime, we are going to need an interim director." Marion turned blind eye to the bewildered look Cosima was giving her.

"Where is Delphine?" Cosima demanded once she gathered her bearing, walking closer to Marion until it was only the desk that separated them. "What happened to her?"

Marion opened her mouth, but froze midway. She seemed to reconsider her answer for a moment. Cosima vehemently hoped she would just come clean and lay it all down for her, because she could not do with the vague information anymore. She could not do without Delphine being there, in the same boat as her and her sisters.

"We don't know for sure."

"DYAD—*Topside* not knowing what happened to their own pawn?" Cosima ridiculed, bitterness seeping from her words. She had both hands planted on the desk to keep herself from jerking forward. She did not know what she would do to Marion—they were two guards standing by the door, staring intensely at her back and they would tackle her before she managed as much as touching the older woman's hair—but she knew it would not be pretty.

Marion sighed, but the tension never left her shoulders. “Doctor Cormier’s car and bag were found on the parking garage earlier this morning. There was also bullet hole and blood, smeared on the trunk of a white sedan and pooling on the ground behind it.”

All life was sucked out of Cosima’s body in that instant. She leaned back, slumped down onto the chair. It swirled from the force and her heels scrapped the floor. Her hands were trembling as she grabbed on its edge. She felt sick.

“Preliminary test confirmed that it has the same type as Doctor Cormier’s, DNA will come later this day. But we believe that—“

“She isn’t dead. You didn’t find her body.”

Cosima declared with such conviction that Marion did nothing but nodded. Whether she truly believed so or not did not matter at the moment. DYAD needed another head figure and Cosima was the perfect candidate. She was Leekie with the charm and science background, but without his megalomaniac tendency. She was Rachel with the self-awareness, but without the obsession on bearing a child of her own. She was Delphine with the strong wish to cure and protect Leda. Cosima was the *only* candidate and now they had something that Cosima wanted.

“Takeover for Doctor Cormier,” Marion proposed without preamble. “You will have control and all the power you need to find the cure, to find Delphine.”

Cosima did not need to hear more.

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It was a miracle for them to survive Samaritan’s agents. They made it safely to the underground for the night. No cavalry waiting for them, only Bear. None of them slept through the night, too worried of what morning would bring them. However, it brought John a call from Fusco, telling him to come in because they got a new case, and Harold a reminder for his nine o’clock class. Nothing had changed after the Correction—after what was left of

The Machine was a single strand of Her DNA—after they failed Shaw, whom had been brainwashed, *again*. The world continued as it was and it became deeply unsettling for Root.

For a solid week, she had crashed on Professor Whistler's couch every single night. One hand cuffed to the suitcase that housed The Machine and the other grasping her gun. It was quite bizarre, to be able to put her arms around her God as she slept. Her God whom had compressed from an all-seeing deity lurking in electricity system into something that fit a suitcase and its only form of communication was the blue light blinking Morse code.

Realization visited her late. Her God was now trapped in Pandora's Box and she was too scared to open it—to find that there was no hope left inside. Then she was running away. She traveled the world with abandon. Everywhere she went was buzzing with life, yet she never felt as lonely as she was. It was quiet, too quiet. Without The Machine and without Shaw, the world was bleak.

Splashes of color did come to her line of vision every once in a while. Dark brown hair. Dark brown eyes. The small womanly stature committed to her memory by touch and smell and taste, but it was never the right person.

Root was in Toronto, in a bar, when a drop of red interrupted her from sipping her wine. A woman sat on the stool beside her and ordered the same brand of wine as the one she was having. The woman matched Shaw's appearance, but surprisingly it was not what drawing Root's attention to her. Her hairstyle and glasses and the glint of nose ring were way off from Shaw. It was her red coat, so bright that it was like fresh blood and the general darkness she emitted even though she wore not a single dark color on her person.

"Long night?" Root asked, tipping her glass at Cosima.

Root did not feel like faking a smile and neither did Cosima, who stared back with genuine curiosity and slight tilt of head. After Delphine and then Shay, Cosima had become wary of beautiful woman approaching her. She used to revel in the attention she received, but now she shied away from it. Delphine's warning rang in her mind, a*ny person, any face, any love, anyone could be a spy*. But Cosima was DYAD's director. She had access, she had control, and she chose to talk to this woman.

"Try long week."

The childish part of Cosima was disappointed that Delphine did not somehow miraculously show up to scold her all over again. The sound in her head became less like Delphine's and more like Alison's with each day passed. Just like how seven days being the new head of DYAD and she already felt like she lost parts of herself, slowly being sucked into the endless vortex of void darkness that was DYAD Institute. Her cardigans became blazers and her tights replaced by tailored slacks. She now understood the change Delphine went through and could not help but wonder how she managed to balance everything so well, because it was suffocating her.

"I lost my puppy," Cosima added, chuckling at the hilariousness of the statement. Delphine was anything but a puppy. She was a fierce lion with fuzzy mane to match, ready to tear anything that got in the way of protecting her loved ones. But she would still be a puppy for her, with the eagerness to please and unyielding loyalty. "Found blood on the garage, but she was nowhere to be found," she supplied. It was not a lie but was not an entire truth either.

Root frowned. She had a distinct feeling that it was not an actual dog that Cosima was talking about, but she did not point it out. Tomorrow, she would be another person in another country (another continent, even). It was easier this way.

"I lost my cat too, a few months back." She swirled the remainder of her wine. A soft smile tried to make its way to her lips, but failed spectacularly and she had to hide the grimace behind her glass. "She was like Schrödinger's cat."

It piqued Cosima's interest. "What happened when reality collapsed?"

"She's alive. Someone took her away before I can get to her. She probably doesn't like me anymore, you know how cats are." Root paid for her drink, but did not leave yet. "These...pets," there was a telltale of laugh in her voice, one that Cosima shared, "they are strong creatures," she said in lieu of goodbye. It was the longest conversation she held with anyone during her aimless wandering. "You'll find your puppy, don't bet against her."

"And your cat will come home to you."

Cosima nodded with a conviction she did not even have in regard of Delphine. It was always easier to treat someone else's problem. Her vote of confidence earned herself a smile from Root. Cosima might be right. Root had to come back to where it all started and if they were really meant to be, Shaw would find her way back to her.

End Notes

This piece supposed to contain smut. I only went as far as writing
“Where Shaw was muscles and scars, Cosima was curves and tattoos. They could not be any more different than they already were, yet there was this constant death lingered on their persons. As though they were ready to die at any given time—be it in battle for Shaw or due to terminal illness for Cosima. Root had to keep reminding herself that Cosima did not seek pain in her pleasure.”
before it weird me out too much. Now I can’t unsee the image of Root making out with Cosima, uugh...

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